

## CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

Dr. Talmage Depicts Triumphs of the Gospel.

Victories of the Christian Religion—Drunkards are Reclaimed and Thieves Made Righteous.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, Aug. 6.

The antagonists of the Christian religion are in this sermon of Dr. Talmage met in a very unusual way, and the triumphs of the Gospel are depicted. The text is Ezekiel 37:1-10. "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world were to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of delusions practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johann Southey came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in his honor, and 100,000 disciples came forward to follow him. About five years before the birth of Christ Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoneses in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries by the flight of birds or by the intonation of slain animals told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals and of nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829 a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his keeping. And so in all ages there have been necromancers, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they impoverished the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world—the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has today 400,000,000 dupes. It proposes to enslave the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overclouded the Appalachian range on the side of the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This hallucination, this delusion, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanesia and Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian archipelago, and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wings. In the Fiji islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And, in the first place, I remark that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformations of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer meetings and churches, so complete is this delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between him as he now and what he once was as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States government to put an end to Aaron Harris' rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear

like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and looked at the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do?' 'What are you going to do?' 'Well, I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea and die of a fever in a foreign hospital?' 'Oh, no!' I said, 'father, I will not be that; I will tread the quarter deck and command, as you do.' 'No, David, my father said; 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then: 'I will change. I will never drink again, I will never gamble again, and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity.'

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him on small dirt, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, enjayed, duped by the Christian religion.

Alh, that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity! It overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost"? One of the fools who believed in this Bible. John Milton, Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy "The Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say of the system of morals he left and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric chameleon of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel!" David Brewster, at the pronouncement of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster says: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days!" President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overcome by this delusion, what chance is there for you and me?

Besides that I have noticed that first rate intellects cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading skeptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." Rousseau, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." Altemont, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. Oh, no! After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "Oh, Thou blasphemous, but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown!" Voltaire, the most talented infidel of the world ever saw, writing 250 publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he would have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no! In his last hour he asks for Christian burial and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. Thomas Paine, the god of modern skeptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, the paragon of his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this country—Thomas Paine, who was so squallid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on

for steadfastness against this great delusion.

But no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all conquering delusion, earthshaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on. It is so impervious, and it is so overwhelming, this chimera of the Gospel, that, having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of any magnificent musical festival and learn that the greatest of all the subjects are religious subjects.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's and the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this imperviousness of the Gospel, this vast delusion, is not satisfied until it conquers itself and in one year contributes \$5,500,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make sinners and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen. Deluded doctors—230 physicians meeting week by week in London in the Union Medical prayer circle to worship God.

Deluded doctors—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England; the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, once secretary of state, an old fashioned Evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed church. Henry Wilson, the vice president of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South sea, the bushmen of Tierra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abel and Campbell and Williams and the 3,000 missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort and going out amid squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, tolling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with inappropriate epitaphs, when they might have lived in this country and lived for themselves and lived luxuriously and been at last put into brilliant sepulchers. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous, but this religion comes to a man when he is sick and says: "You will do well again after awhile. You are going into a land where there are no coughs, and no pleurisies, and no consumptions, and no languishing. Take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor, and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft, and it talks of reunion before the throne and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know any thing again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic? Palace gates opening, they thought—diamond coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children have been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me! I am coming."

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand, and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask: "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "I shall be any way going to Heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Xenander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now, Good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all aglow from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me 50 years will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!" "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Dr. Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is Heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Hoy, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on a battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who gives us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS

### WHEN DRESSING FOWLS.

How to Pick the Feathers and Keep Them Perfectly Clean in the Laborious Operation.

The accompanying illustration shows one of the cleanest and most convenient ways to pick the feathers from a fowl and keep them clean in the operation. A barrel has a hole made in one side, as shown, and below it is tacked a leather lip or spout. The dotted line shows the position inside of two supports.



### HOW TO SAVE THE FEATHERS.

ports, between which the fowl is laid while being picked, the head projects from the opening, and all blood drains into the pail outside the barrel. As the feathers are plucked they fall into the bottom of the barrel, and are thus entirely unstained. The picker sits on a box or stool at one side of the barrel. If more room is desired within the barrel, saw off the top down nearly to the middle, thus giving a larger opening. Hen's feathers do not bring a large sum, but they should always be saved, either for home use or for the sum which they will bring, which is really clear gain.—N. Y. Tribune.

### CORN FOR FODDER.

It Should Be Cut at the Proper Time If Really Profitable Results Are to Be Secured.

When corn is at its best, the glazing stage, it has a value of say 100 per cent.—45 per cent. of this will be in the ear and 55 per cent. will be in the stalk and leaves. Of the 55 per cent. in the stalk and leaves, 60 per cent. will be in the stalk below the ear, which will be 33 per cent. of the whole value. The feeding value of the ear is mostly in starch, in the stalk it is in the form of sugar. From the glazing stage to full curing the changes in the stalk are all against the feeder, for while the sugar is all digestible, in the ripening and curing process it gradually changes to starch and woody fiber, and becomes less and less digestible, and thus loses much of its feeding value. While the stalk at its best is filled with sweet juice, that fully cured, found in the rack or shock, has not a trace of sweetness left, but has changed to wood or been washed out; hence we see how important it is that corn fodder be cut at the proper time and handled in the proper way to secure the very best returns. Upon this point experiments conducted at the Oklahoma station showed that corn fodder left in the fields until required for feeding purposes loses much of its feeding value, but how large a proportion is not often considered by a large number of farmers. The results of these tests showed a considerable reduction in the feeding value of the corn stover, equal in the opinion of those who conducted the tests to fully one-fourth of its original worth, with a corresponding increase in the crude fiber which is the least valuable part of the corn.—Prairie Farmer.

### SORGHUM GOOD FEED.

Sugar Cane Is Pronounced an Almost Perfect Ration for Cows Suckling Calves.

Some are inquiring about sugar cane for feed. We planted about ten acres last year, writes Tom Fonting in Breeders' Gazette, drilling it in with acorn planter. We fixed the plates so it would drop about three seeds in a place and tilled it as we do corn. We cut and bound it with a corn-harvester. You must be very careful in putting it in shock as the tops are so heavy it will fall over. We had no trouble in curing ours, but we had to let it stand in the field until we were ready to feed it. It has so very much moisture in it that it cannot be piled together until very late in the season. I think it made six tons to the acre after it was cured. I would like to ask some one which has the most feeding quality, sugar cane or Kaffir corn? We bought a little Kaffir corn at a sale the other day and our herdsmen do not think there is as much feeding quality in the corn as there is in the cane. If there is I would like to plant about half Kaffir corn instead of so much sugar cane. The trouble with sugar cane in this black soil is that it gets so tall that the wind blows it over. Kaffir corn will not do this. I think the sugar cane is grand feed for cows suckling calves; it increases the richness and increases the flow of milk. We fed a grade heifer on sugar cane alone to try it and I never ate a better piece of beef than she made.

### EXTRACTED HONEY.

In Ordinary Circumstances It Brings More Satisfactory Returns Than Comb Honey.

It is no doubt a fact that extracted honey is most profitable for a large majority of the bee-keepers of the country because they are in a measure at the mercy of dealers who will not pay the price that extra fine comb honey is worth, being obliged to pay a nearly level price for all that comes to them, because they have neither time nor inclination to seek a market for the best, preferring to sell in lump lots. For the bee-keeper who is near a large town or city there is a place to dispose of extra white comb honey at a price that will make it an object to sell in sections. The ordinary section contains about 14 ounces of honey, worth, when extracted, not more than seven cents. If the comb is nice and white and the sections neatly filled they may be sold for anywhere from 20 to 30 cents a section. Wherever there are people who can afford to indulge their taste for the best and finest-looking products for their table, there will be found a market for all the first-class comb honey that is offered at a price that will make extracting a losing operation. Where comb honey must be sold for ten cents a pound and extracted brings seven or eight cents, the bee-keeper cannot afford to sell the comb, as it costs too much to make it, every pound of comb taking as much time to make as ten pounds of honey.—Farmers' Voice.

### Why the Bees Swarm.

Bees swarm because they lack room in the hive. The old queen and the workers leave and give up the hive to the younger bees. To prevent swarming add more space at the top, so that the workers can be provided with storage room. It is better to have one strong colony than two weak ones, as the bees can then more easily protect themselves against enemies when they are numerous. At this season the bees can find plenty of honey plants, but later on they are compelled to travel to greater distances, and many are thus destroyed, for which reason the colony should be strong. Poorly-Fatigued Poultry. It is impossible to walk through the markets at any time without seeing large quantities of extremely poor turkeys, fowl and chickens. It is seldom that one sees a poorly fattened hog in the market. If it pays to stuff with corn a hog that won't net his feeder five cents a pound dressed, why isn't it good business sense to use some of that corn to fatten a bird that will bring twice as much per pound? Will the same corn make twice as many pounds of pork as poultry? If not, it would seem wise to put the corn where it will do the most good.—Rural New Yorker.

## SELECTION OF SEED.

How Improved Varieties of Wheat Are Being Bred by the Kansas Agricultural College.

It is common among corn raisers to maintain or improve a given variety by selection of the seed. Ears showing desirable characters are set aside and furnish seed for the succeeding crop. Though not so convenient, this method can be applied with equal success to the selection of seed wheat. The experimental station of the Kansas state agricultural college is endeavoring to breed up improved varieties of wheat. There is no reason why the simple method of selection should not be applied by the individual wheat raiser. We would advise the following procedure: Before harvesting, the grower should go into the wheat field and select a number of the most desirable heads. The basis of the selection depends upon the wishes of the individual, but is carried on as in the case of corn. Usually it will be upon the basis of yield and quality. In this case the heads selected should be large, well-formed and with plump uniform grains. The grain derived from these heads should be grown upon a plot of ground under the most favorable conditions. The grain gathered from this plot furnishes the seed for the third year. But before harvesting a selection of suitable heads should be made from this for the next seed plot. In this way the seed is each year improved or at least maintained at its present standard. The size of the seed plot depends upon the total area of wheat to be grown. Furthermore the seed plot may be given more careful treatment than is applicable to the field. It is best to have the seed plot within the main field so as to be entirely surrounded by wheat. This lessens the loss from grasshoppers and other insects, and gives the plants better protection.—Farmers' Review.

### THE BATTLE FIELD ROUTE.

The Veterans of sixty-one and five, and their friends, who are going to attend the 33rd G. A. R. Annual Encampment at Philadelphia in September, could not select a better nor more historic route than the Big Four, Chesapeake & Ohio, with splendid service from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis on the Big Four, all connecting at Indianapolis or Cincinnati and thence over the Pictouque, Chesapeake & Ohio along the Ohio river to Huntington, West Va., thence through the foot-hills of the Alleghenies, over the Mountains, through the famous Spring Garden of Virginia to Staunton, Va., between which point and Washington are many of the most prominent battle-fields: Warrenton, Gordonsville, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Kettle Run, Manassas, Bull Run, Fairfax, and a score of others nearly as prominent. Washington is next, and thence via the Pennsylvania Line direct to Philadelphia. There will be three rates in effect for this business: 1st. Continuous passage, with no stop-over privilege; 2nd. Going and coming same route with one stop-over in each direction; 3d. Circuitous route, going one way and back another with one stop-over in each direction. For full information as to Routes, Rates, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

### Out.

Caller—I have here several bills which are long overdue and— Hardoppe (desperately)—I am sorry to say that our cashier is out today. "Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference," I'll call, and pay them at some future date. Good day, sir.—Philadelphia Record.

### Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

### Why They Are Nervous.

A correspondent says that those who dine with the queen are usually painfully nervous. Perhaps they are tortured with doubt of the propriety of praising the pie, not knowing whether her majesty or the cook made it.—Denver Post.

### The Nickel Plate Road, with its Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains Daily and Unexcelled Dining Car Service, offers rates lower than via other lines. The Short Line between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

### Porous Plaster.

"What are the holes for?" asked little Edna, looking at the porous plaster that her mother was preparing to adjust on Willie's back. "It's funny you don't know that, sis," interrupted Willie, "it's there to let the pain out, of course."—Boston Traveler.

### Work for All.

Thousands of men are making good wages in the harvest fields of Minnesota, North and South Dakota. There is room for thousands more. Half rate via the Great Northern Railway from St. Paul. Write Max Bass, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

### Home Run Strikes.

Diggs—So your daughter is married, eh? Riggs—Yes. "And how does your new son-in-law strike you?" "For a 'V' or an 'X' usually."—Chicago Evening News.

### THE MARKETS.

New York, Aug. 7.

FLOUR—No. 2 red.....	75 1/2	75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 white.....	37 1/2	37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 white.....	25 1/2	25 1/2
RYE—No. 2 western.....	55 1/2	55 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 western.....	105 1/2	105 1/2
BARLEY—Family.....	105 1/2	105 1/2
LARD—Western steamed.....	5 1/2	5 1/2
BUTTER—Family.....	15 1/2	15 1/2
CHEESE—Large white.....	12 1/2	12 1/2
EGGS—Western.....	10 1/2	10 1/2
WOOL—Domestic.....	15 1/2	15 1/2
TEXAS.....	15 1/2	15 1/2
CATTLE—Steers.....	4 1/2	4 1/2
SHEEP—Common to good.....	4 1/2	4 1/2
HOGS—Yorkers.....	4 1/2	4 1/2

### WELL-PLANNED GRANARY.

feet of siding, flooring, etc. A fraction less than four squares of roof is required. If anyone may desire it, I can give exact bills of lumber and method of construction, etc. It will cost about \$6 to \$75, and can be constructed by any one of ordinary ability, as I built my own. Size, 12x24, height, eight feet to square. The foundation is building block pillars, eight in number, with floor of granary built on level with ordinary height wagon bed bottom, making it easy to load and unload. All siding, flooring, etc., is good quality southern pine, which is said to be mouse and rat proof. Roof, galvanized steel.—C. R. Wagner, in Ohio Farmer.

### All Extra Work Counts.

It is always the extra work required to produce the best that pays on the farm. In this, however, it is only the rule which holds good everywhere else. The world is full of slothful, lazy workers—men who really do not want to do any work, but who under compulsion do just as little as they can and still pass. Thousands of farmers object to certain crops, because to work on them is very disagreeable. What they want is the crop that is most easily grown. Such crops are always low in price, precisely because of this habit of human nature to seek the easiest jobs, forgetting that precisely because they are easy jobs they are always over-crowded with applicants.—American Cultivator.

### Grown Bone for Layers.

The use of ground bone in the poultry yard should be encouraged. With ground bone in reach of the poultry, there is no danger of the egg-eating habit assuming large proportions, and it is doubtful if the habit will be practiced at all, where ground bone is as accessible. We have noticed that when the fowls are thus supplied they even lose their liking for broken egg shells, which is certainly an indication that ground bone is effective.—Farmers' Review.

## Texas! Old Name.

Probably the fact is not generally known that Texas was at one time and for many years called the "New Philippines." The first settlement in what is now Texas was made by French emigrants in 1683. During the next 25 years there was an intermittent struggle between the French and Spanish for supremacy, resulting in favor of the latter, and in 1774 the name of the New Philippines was given to the country. This was its official name in Spanish records for many years, and until the name of Texas, from a tribe of Indians, gradually came into vogue.

### Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, itching feet, improving nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Taken at Her Word.

"Mrs. F. J. Gillington-Oggs is awfully mad at the newspapers; she says they treated her so shabbily." "Did they?" Such a prominent society woman, too." "Yes," she told them they must not say anything about her complexion, and they didn't."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

### A Shabby Announcement.

A Kansas printer in making up the forms one day in a hurry got a marriage and a divorce notice mixed up so they read as follows: "John Smith and Ida Quay were united in the bonds of holy matrimony and will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Quay is an esteemed codfish at ten cents; while the bride has nice pig's feet to display."—Michigan Libre.

### The completion of the million and a half dollar terminals of the Burlington Railroad at Quincy, Ill., marks an important stage in the development of that system. It was only five years ago that the road built into St. Louis, and established there an enormous freight yard, with a capacity of 3,000 cars. Elsewhere, at Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City and Denver, the Burlington has facilities for handling freight and passengers that are unequalled.

Wit without wisdom becomes wearisome.—Chicago Daily News.

### Hill's Catarrh Cure.

In a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Never do today any wrong thing you can put off till tomorrow.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

### Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchsweiler, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

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